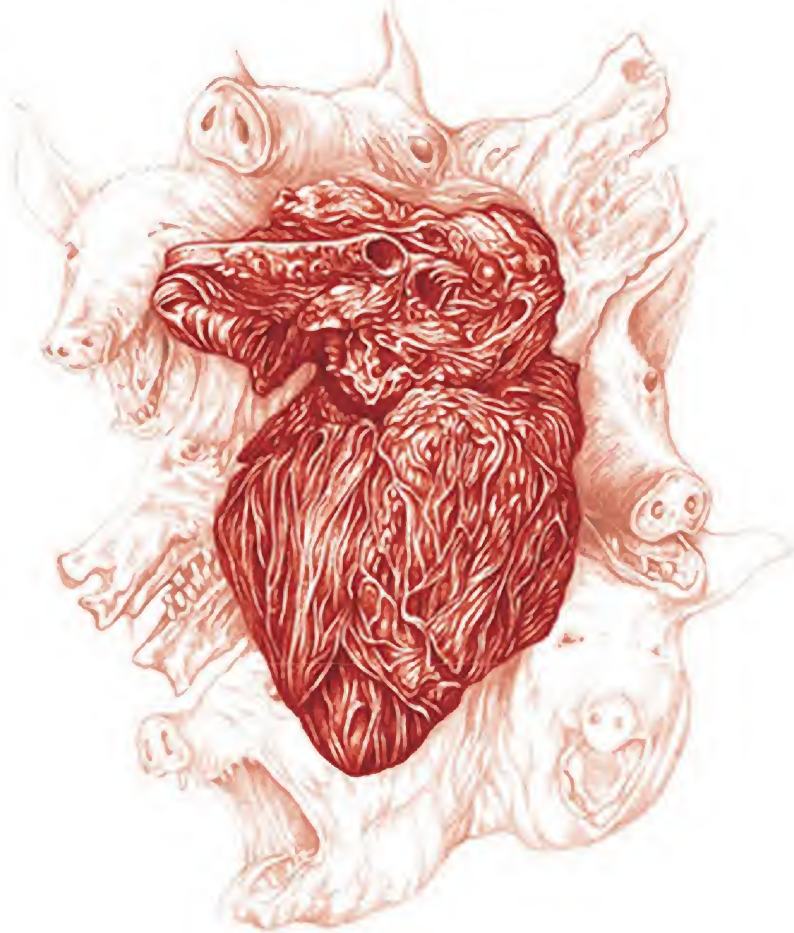


# GRISHJÄRTA

NATTRAMN



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81 / 200

In The Sign Of HAL  
Humani Animali Liberati 2011



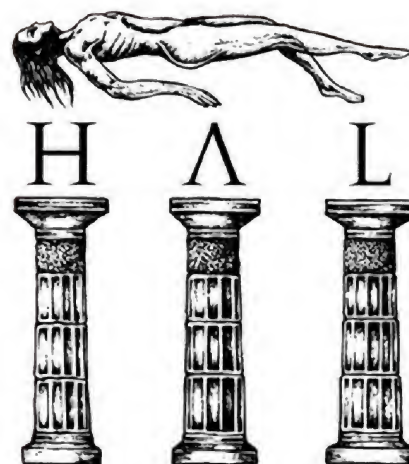
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The swedish to english translations should be looked upon as more  
of a service for the non swedish readers than a correct poetic translation

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### *Djuret i spegeln*

Du går här och skriker  
och gapar  
med ansiktet ditt ut och in  
och varför?  
varför ?  
går du baklänges för?  
galenskap...ett fastiapansgap  
ett tvåbent svin  
med djuriska böjelser  
inget av godo sipprar  
ur din kropp  
sårig hud, varbolder  
lokal nekros  
nog skulle  
en likhund markera!  
tag blodtapparkniven  
i dina grisslaktarhänder  
och känn dig välkommen;  
välkommen till grisfesten!

*The animal in the mirror*  
*- Djuret i spegeln -*

You go here and scream  
and yawns  
with your face turned inside out  
and why?  
why?  
walk backwards?  
madness...a stuckinthemonkeyjaws  
a two-legged pig  
with animalistic inclinations  
nothing good trickles  
out of your body  
broken skin, abscesses  
local necrosis  
surely a cadaver dog would mark!  
then take the blood-drip-knife in your pig-slaughtering-hands  
make yourself at home  
welcome to the pork feast!

*Sjuk i själen*

Med leende som fasthäftat  
grinar bredkäftat  
blöder obehindrat  
flinar obetingat  
kall, avstängd  
ångestströmmar  
elektriska nerver  
ovetandes rullas jag omkring  
behandlas, tittas på  
själv ser jag ingenting

*Sick in the soul*  
*- Sjuk i själen -*

With a stapled smile  
big jawed grin  
bleeding freely  
grins unconditionally  
cold, cut off  
flowing anxiety  
electrical nerves  
unwittingly rolled around  
treated, observed  
as for myself, I see nothing

*Självhät i singularis*

Kött och galla  
piss och svett  
skit, snor och sperma  
blod och helig ande  
brosk och gulnat skelett  
visst är jag väl  
det vackraste ni sett?

*Self-hatred in singularis*  
*- Självhat i singularis -*

Flesh and bile  
piss and sweat  
shit, snot and semen  
blood and holy spirit  
cartilage and yellowed bones  
sure, I am must be  
the most beautiful thing you have seen?

*Skjut mig till evigheten*

Här placerar jag mina daggvåta ögon på graven  
på denna svala grund vilar vårt evighetslånga förbund  
här någonstans, i det dunkelt skrivna  
står för den klarsynte tydligt att läsa:

Du:

den tredje själen, det första djuret, den sista människan:

animalis codex  
uppstår åter, fortgår oändligt  
från dröm till handling  
hotfullast till trots är glömskan  
och död är jag när du glömt mig  
Gud skriker genom molnen;  
att den gamles tröst  
blir den unges röst  
och allt, precis allt  
skall gå mig ur händerna

*Shoot me into eternity*  
*- Skjut mig till evigheten -*

Here I place my dewy eyes on the grave  
on this cool ground rests our eternal union  
here somewhere, in the dimly-written  
stands for the perceptive clear to read:

You:

the third soul, the first animal, the last man:  
animalis codex

rises again, continuing infinitely  
from dream to action

the most threatening after all is oblivion  
and dead I am when you forget me

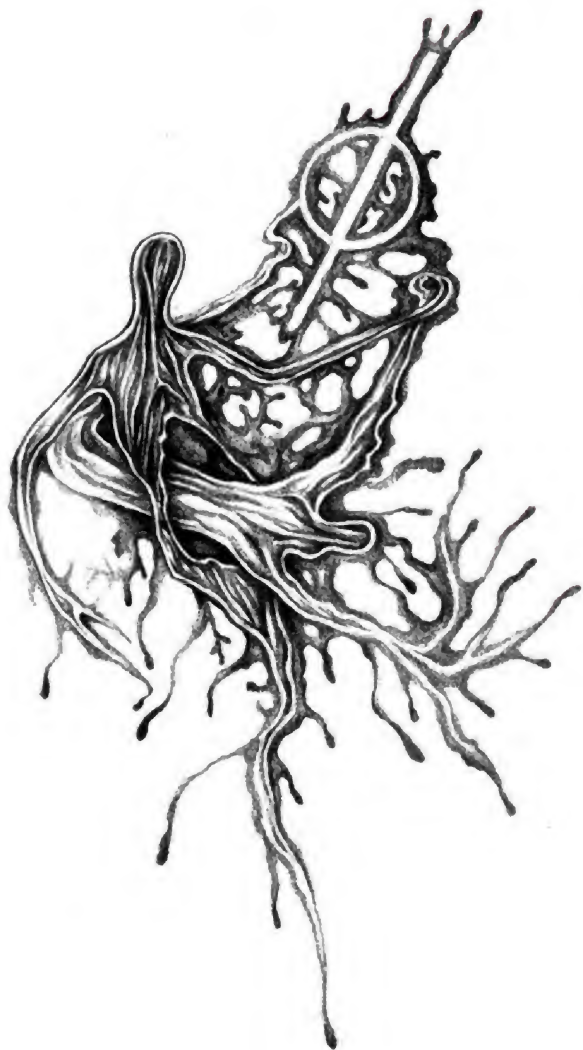
God is screaming through the clouds;  
that the old man's comfort

becomes the youngster's voice  
and everything, absolutely everything  
shall go out of my hands

*Tvåa, sexa*

Vi är här nu  
ett minus ett  
frivilligt eller ofrivilligt  
likväl...  
vi står på noll



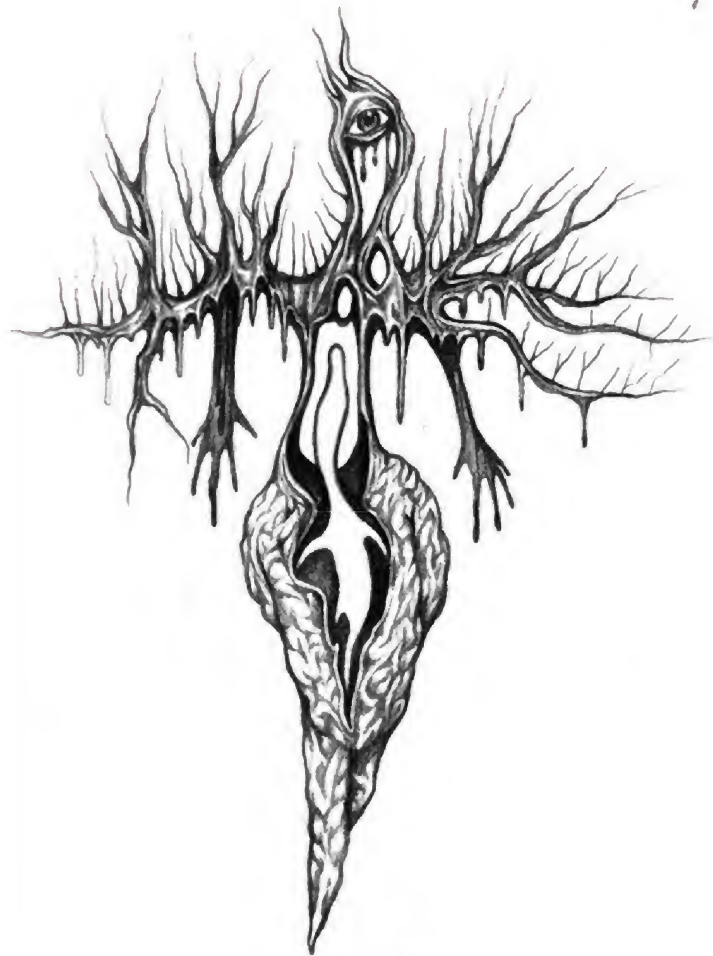


*Second, six*  
*- Tvâa, sexa -*

We are here now  
one minus one  
voluntarily or involuntarily  
still...  
we are at zero

### *Förintelsekomplex*

Inväntar hösten  
likt en dödlig salva  
gentemot tinningen  
andas tungt nu  
matas med gift  
för att lura mig frisk igen  
och träden...  
ja träden gråter kåda  
allt jag vill ha  
är din mänsklighet  
inte ditt ansikte  
eller hjärta  
ej heller ditt sköte  
allt det  
kan du behålla  
skänka eller skända  
valet är ditt  
så långt...  
...är du fri  
men det som gör dig  
till människa;  
det tar jag!



*Holocaust complex*  
*- Förintelsekomplex -*

Awaiting autumn  
like a deadly burst  
to the temple  
breathing heavily now  
fed with poison  
to fool  
me well again  
and the trees...  
yes the trees weep resin  
all I want  
is your humanity  
not your face  
or heart  
neither your genitals  
all this  
you can keep  
donate or desecrate  
it is your choice  
so far...  
...you are free  
but what makes you human;  
I will take!

*Transformation*

Inflammera, infektera  
vrid ur, tänk om  
stryk till, kliv ur  
distrahera, konstatera  
tänk om, vrid ur,  
slit av, kliv in

### *Transformation*

Inflame, infect  
wring out, re-think  
strangle to, step out  
distract, state  
re-think, wring out  
tear off, step into

### *Slutdiagnos: kall stram död*

Döden häckar likt en fågel  
på St:Sigfrids sotiga tak  
bjuder trygg vila för den sjuka anden  
tager oss stadigt vid handen  
viskar genom betong och tegel  
gula ögonhålör skymtas där bakom  
någonstans här  
svävar min bror  
någonstans här  
blöder min mor  
och någonstans här  
gråter min far  
nu sjunger vi de förtrycktas sånger  
för timman är slagen  
inga gränser känner hjärtats rymder  
när vi tillsammans går i tomma döden



*Final diagnosis: stiff cold death*  
*- Slutdiagnos: kall stram död -*

Death nests like a bird  
on the sooty roof of St. Sigfrid  
offers secure rest for the sick spirit  
takes us firmly by the hand  
whispering through concrete and bricks  
yellow eye-sockets glimpses behind  
somewhere here  
hovers my brother  
somewhere here  
bleeds my mother  
and somewhere here  
cries my father  
now we sing the songs of the demented  
the hour is upon us  
no boundaries knows your heart  
when we together go into empty death

*Pluralexistens*

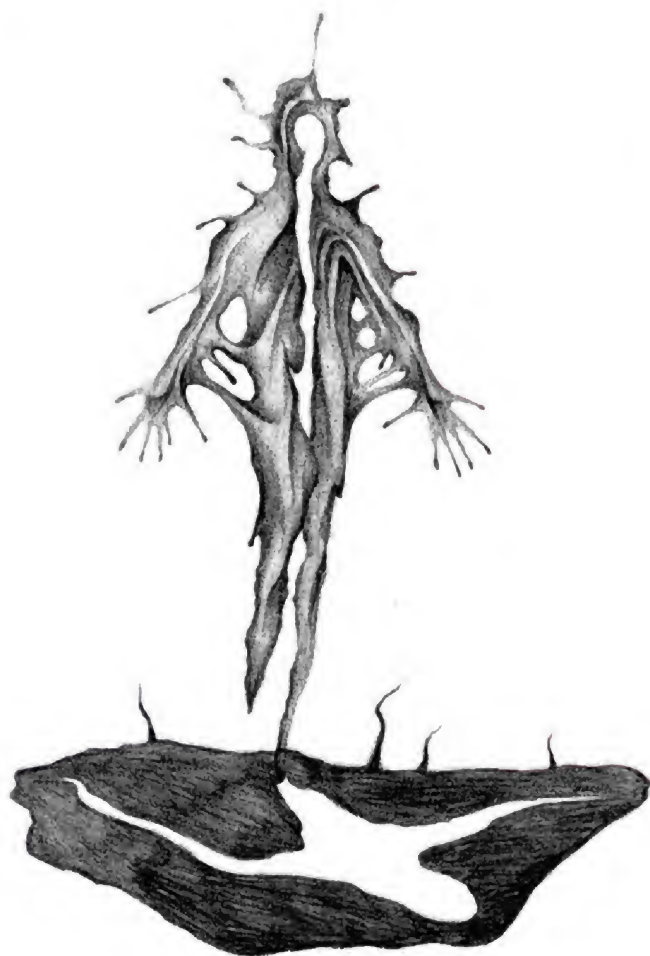
Se min kropp i förfall  
hör hur jag kvider, hur jag gnyr  
det gör ont, lyssna på mitt skall!  
jag blöder när jag spyr  
lunkandes i för liten bur  
uppgivet likt ett sårat djur

*Plural existence*  
*- Pluralexistens -*

Watch my body in decay  
hear my cries, how I whimper  
it hurts, listen to me bark!  
I bleed when I puke  
trodge around in a cage too small  
dejected, like a wounded animal

*Det stora språnget*

Går från dröm till handling  
släcker lampan för gott  
bereder sinnet  
reser baklänges  
genom rymderna  
grumlig och grå  
men just i detta nu  
så otroligt klar  
först blir det vita svart  
men tids nog blir svart åter vitt  
och evigheten ter sig  
som ett brusande maskineri  
allt är skrikande ljus  
och det här är undergången,  
övergången  
blodet rusar  
och så gör tankarna  
tänker slut  
blöder ut



*The great leap*  
*- Det stora språnget -*

Goes from dream to action  
turning off the light for good  
prepares the mind  
travels backwards  
through space  
cloudy and gray  
but at this very moment  
so incredibly clear  
first white turns black  
but in time black becomes white again  
and eternity seems  
like a roaring machinery  
everything is screaming bright  
and this is perdition  
the transition  
blood rushes  
and so do the thoughts  
thinking ends  
bleeding out

*Drömprocess på dödsvita lakan*

Intag position  
blicka uppåt  
för nu svävar korpen  
i den blodfyllda luften  
frigör mig ifrån sjukdom och slaveri!  
rädda mig ifrån sjukhus och hysteri!  
slumrar slött på någon meters djup  
vrider mig och jämrar  
vilar bland avdöda  
snart tar jag dig med  
ditt blod blir mitt blod  
och ditt kött blir mitt  
nu reser sig själen  
likt fågel Fenix  
klar och galen  
intag position  
blicka uppåt  
för nu svävar kroppen  
i den blodfyllda luften

*Dream process on death white sheets  
- Drömprocess på dödsvita lakan -*

Take position  
gaze upwards  
because now the raven hovers  
in the blood filled air  
free me from disease and slavery!  
save me from hospitals and hysteria!  
slumbers sluggishly a few meters deep  
twists and moans  
rests among deceased  
soon I'll take you with me  
your blood is my blood  
and your flesh will be mine  
now rises the soul  
like the phoenix  
clear and mad  
take position  
gaze upwards  
because now the body hovers  
in the blood filled air



*Vitt blir svart*

Tvätta ditt anlete i Ganghes, Europa!  
ditt vita guld har oxiderat  
liknar mest smutsigt brons  
mellan väggarna gömmer sig insekter  
gömmar sig råttor och mask  
tvätta ditt anlete i Ganghes, Europa!

*White turns black*

*- Vitt blir svart -*

Wash your face in Ganghes, Europe!  
your white gold has oxidized  
looking merely like dirty bronze  
between the walls hide insects  
hiding rats and worms  
wash your face in Ganghes, Europe!

*Människospegel bär mig fram*

Min kropp är ett rostigt maskineri  
dåligt skött, osmört och hackigt  
förvridet, skevt, skitigt  
förvrängt, halvt itubitet  
uppskuret och sönderbrutet  
slitet, förbrukat  
nedgången till grunden  
och förödmjukat  
låt det bara...  
söndra och förruttna  
vittra, blekas, tyna bort  
undan...undan...förundan  
utan verklig förundran  
utan...utan...förutan

*Human mirror carry me through  
- Människospegel bär mig fram -*

My body is a rusty machinery  
poorly nursed, ungreaed and choppy  
warped, twisted, dirty  
distorted, half chewed in two  
cut up and broken  
worn out, exhausted  
ground to the ground  
and humiliated  
let it just...  
divide and rot  
wither, fade, fade away  
away...away...drop away  
no real surprise  
with...with...without

***Vi är alla sår***

Urtidsmun spyr ut kaos  
iskalla virvlar  
på avgrundsbotten  
i stormigt hav  
utbrott av eld  
och lava  
varje sår  
skall blöda

***We are all wounds  
- Vi är alla sår -***

Primeval mouth spewing chaos  
ice cold whirls  
at the bottom of the abyss  
on a stormy sea  
outbreaks of fire  
and lava  
each wound  
shall bleed

*Ängel under jorden*

Tänk ifall  
du haft nerver av plast  
mitt första skrik som barn  
ekar för evigt genom rymderna  
kan du höra dem?  
Moder, jag är ditt barn  
blicken din var trött och grå  
ditt huvud så tungt  
fast du var i sorgerus,  
vänd mot  
de kvävda, de döda,  
vi blev födda  
med sådan möda  
dina kärl tugga  
ditt hjärta sucka  
och slutligen bars din själ bort med vinden  
Mamma; nu går du med de döda

*Angel underneath the ground  
- Ängel under jorden -*

What if  
you had nerves made of plastic  
my first cry as a child  
echoes forever through space  
can you hear them?  
Mother, I am your child  
your gaze was tired and gray  
your head so heavy  
fixed in a haze of grief  
turned to  
the choked, the killed,  
born with such labour  
your arteries chew  
your heart sighed  
and finally your soul was carried away by the wind  
Mom; now you go with the dead



### *Urartigheter*

Äh barnatro!  
åååh barnatro!  
barn; stirra in i våldets kaos!  
på ett ögonblick  
blev du så mycket äldre  
bestulen på allt du var  
och allt du skulle komma att bli  
nu är du ett skal  
utätet och tömt  
hopplöst förlorad  
och grundligt fördömd



*Deteriorations*

*- Urartigheter -*

Oh childhood faith!  
ooh childhood faith!  
children; stare into the violence of chaos!  
in the twinkling of an eye  
you became so much older  
robbed of everything you once were  
and all you would come to be  
now you're a shell  
eaten and emptied  
hopelessly lost  
and thoroughly condemned

*Vågor av elektricitet*

Växlar mellan stereo  
och tv  
växlar sinnen  
i tomrummet skapar jag mystiken  
olevt liv  
liksom undanröjt  
eller i alla fall förtöjt  
står parkerad på vintergatan  
transparenta tankar  
och nedåtgående spiraler  
kommunicerar i kod  
i nuet gör jag ingenting  
dessa ord får bli de sista

*Waves of electricity*  
*- Vågor av elektricitet -*

Switches between stereo  
and tv  
switches senses  
in the void I create the mystique  
unlived life  
kind of eliminated  
or at least moored  
parked on the Milky Way  
transparent thoughts  
and downward spirals  
communicating in code  
in the present I do nothing  
these words must be the last

*Framtida nekrolog*

Ur vår sjukdoms febervagga skall blodshämnd stiga  
genom ostan by till kristen stad  
genom mark och ryd  
vi vanvettets resa viga  
vår väg färgas röd  
skräck möter ögats glob  
vår galenskap blir till död  
ur bröders sår rinner edert blod  
för er leder tiden icke fram

*Future necrologue*  
*- Framtida nekrolog -*

From the fever-cradle of our illness  
the blood vengeance is rising  
through eastern village to Christian town  
through soil and ryd  
we dedicate the mad journey  
our path turns red  
horror meets the eye globe  
our madness turns into death  
from the wound of the brothers your blood flows  
for you, time leads no further

*Vem är dåren?*

Min kalla bleka  
högst fetlagda kropp;  
är för dig ett tempel  
fall igenom  
mina döda ögon  
gräv omkring  
i mitt inre  
botanisera  
böj ditt huvud  
tillbe mig  
på såriga knän  
12 män hade Jesus  
jag har desto flera  
homo erectus!



*Who's the madman?*

*- Vem är dåren? -*

My cold pale  
most portly body;  
are for you a temple  
fall through  
my dead eyes  
dig around  
inside me  
botanize  
bow your head  
worship me  
on sore knees  
12 men had Jesus  
I had even more  
homo erectus!

*Kalla folket ur sömnen*

Och när ärans värde  
är blott en kniv i ryggen  
då skall ursjälens  
sträcka sig mot dygden  
ropa till strid i dimman  
och kalla folket  
ur sömngångarslummern  
resa statyer i ära  
och väcka martyrer ur glömskan  
tusen år skall komma  
ur historiens damm  
evighetssjälens växer fram  
tiden som är vår,  
vi på breda axlar bära  
blodspill blott  
ett stenkast bort  
kom fort, kom fort!  
urfadern leder oss i nya tider  
ifrån urtid till framtid  
det finns väl inget att se?  
det finns väl inget mer att se...?  
på dessa gator som fyllts med blod



*Summon the people from the sleep*  
*- Kalla folket ur sömnen -*

And when the value of honor  
is but a knife in the back  
the primeval soul  
stretches toward virtue  
cry out to battle in the fog  
and call the people  
from the somnambulistic slumbering  
erecting statues in honor and  
raise martyrs from oblivion  
a thousand years to come  
from the dust of history  
the eternal soul grows  
the time that is ours,  
we carry on broad shoulders  
blood spill only  
a stone's throw away  
come soon, come soon!  
forefather leads us into new times  
from prehistoric to futuristic  
there is nothing to see?  
there is nothing more to see...?  
on these streets that is filled with blood

*Vox inhumana*

Vilddjuret diar  
med vässad tand  
stärkt ur askan  
av min vänstra hand  
lösgjord ur alla band  
reser sig en vålnad  
med klor som river  
ögon som förföljer  
känn min iver  
och lugnet som sköljer  
öööver sinnet  
jag brinner  
djupt i minnet  
du vaknar, vakar  
kliver fram  
breder ut dina vingar  
öppnar käftarna  
Broder låt mig höra din röst!  
skriiik ut din röst  
är det du eller jag?  
skriiik ut din röst  
är det du eller jag?  
skriiik ut din röst  
är det du eller jag?  
Nattramn flyg ur mitt bröst  
Nattramn kom ut! Nattramn flyg ut!



*Vox inhumana*

The beast suckles  
with sharpened tooth  
strengthened from the ashes  
of my left hand  
detached from all ties  
stands a ghost  
with claws that tear  
eyes that haunts  
feel my zeal  
and the serenity that washes  
ooover the mind  
I'm burning  
deep in memory  
you wake up, watches  
steps up  
spread your wings  
open the jaws  
Brother let me hear your voice!  
screeeam out your voice  
is it you or me?  
screeeam out your voice  
is it you or me?  
screeeam out your voice  
is it you or me?  
Nattramn fly out of my chest  
Nattramn come out! Nattramn fly out!

*Vålnader resen er ur dyn (från ovan till nedan)*

Autotomi Narcissus! du är vit, verkningslös och blek  
rakt i mårgen Brutus! egg så tunn men enträgen  
o megalomani, jag är ren och stark, extravagant även  
transit broder!  
lystring HJON - ni dricker blodet ur näven



*Ghosts arise from the mud (from above to below)*  
*- Vålnader resen er ur dyn (från ovan till nedan) -*

Autotomi Narcissus! you are white, ineffectual and pale  
straight through the marrow, Brutus!  
knife edge so thin but persistent  
o megalomania, I am pure and strong, extravagant even  
transit brother!  
Attention SERVANT - you drink the blood from the hand

*Svaret finns i blodet*

Bortbrända nerver  
(så kvavt)  
plocka ut njure och lever  
(så varmt)  
bortglömda känslor  
(så tryggt)  
riv ut!

stanken!  
vitt och rent  
skölj bort min synd,  
lägg mig i jord, moder!  
vålnads våld blir mord, broder!

universum på ett badrumsgolv  
för alla att se, att lära och att göra  
på obducentens altare viskar jag och svarar:  
detta är början och slutet på vårt blodiga väsen  
nu är det hög tid för de stumma att tala och för de döva att höra!



*The answer is in the blood*

*- Svaret finns i blodet -*

Burnt off nerves  
(so stagnant)  
take out the kidney and liver  
(so warm)  
forgotten emotions  
(so safe)  
tear out!

the stench!  
white and clean  
wash away my sin,  
lay me in earth, mother!  
the ghosts violence turns to murder, brother!

universe on a bathroom floor  
for all to see, to learn and to do  
on the pathologist's altar I whisper and answer:  
this is the beginning and the end of our bloody essence  
now is the time for the dumb to speak and the deaf to hear!

*A till Ö*

Hör upp nu; djur, systrar och bröder  
ni är födda och ni blöder  
längst fram går barnen, sedan går de sjuka  
i mitten trampar kvinnorna, sist går männen  
ni är söndriga, ni är såriga  
ni är kommande generationers bödlar  
grumligt är själens öde  
men klart likt glas är förändringen av den döde  
döden är inte estetisk, inte skön  
aldrig lugn eller avsmnad  
kanske vilsam på ytan  
men i det krampande djupet av era lungor  
hörs ljudet av ett bromsande tåg  
gemensamt vi närmar oss den ljusa evigheten  
beredd likt en orörd kropp ligger Vintergatan  
och jag frågar er:  
tänkte ni er döden så?

*A to Z*  
*- A Till Ö -*

Now listen up; animals, sisters and brothers  
you are born and you are bleeding  
in the front walk the kids, and then walk the sick  
in the middle tramples women, lastly walk the men  
you are broken, you are sore  
you are the future generations of executioners  
murky is the fate of the soul  
still clear like glass are the alterations of the dead  
death is not aesthetic, not beautiful  
never quiet or slumbering  
perhaps relaxing on the surface  
but in the convulsions of the depths of your lungs  
hears the sound of a braking train  
together we get closer to the bright eternity  
prepared like a pristine body lies the Milky Way  
and I ask you:  
did you imagine your death this way?

*Kosmos är en kyrkogård*

Väck ditt hjärtas djur  
res dig upp  
ta ett evighetssprång  
ut i mörka natten

blöd dig ur sorgen  
If från moder  
If från broder  
mättat med blod  
vare brödet  
till vilket vi skänker vår fader  
friheten, kan du röra vid den?

du flyter runt där någonstans  
i tiden  
obunden och fri  
i kläder av siden  
är du ensam i den kalla rymden?  
håll min hand nu kära mor,  
jag vill följa dig med

låt oss klä oss varmt  
mössa och vantar av ylle  
det kan bli nog så kallt  
i den stora rymden

mor, orden flyr mig alltför ofta  
jag är inget mer  
än ett geni och en profet  
i skitig kofta

*Cosmos is a graveyard*  
*- Kosmos är en kyrkogård -*

Wake your animal heart  
rise up  
take an eternal leap  
out in the dark night

bleed yourself out of grief  
from mother  
from brother  
engorged with blood  
the bread  
to which we offer our father  
freedom, can you touch it?

you are floating around there somewhere  
through time  
unbound and free  
in clothes made of silk  
are you alone in the cold space?  
hold my hand now, dear mother,  
I will follow you

let's dress warmly  
hat and mittens of wool  
it might be really cold  
in the vast space

mother, words escape me too often  
I am nothing more  
than a genius and a prophet  
in a dirty cardigan

*För den svenska misären, mordet på folksjälén och för  
vården som aldrig riktigt fanns*

Åtdragningar, åtstramningar och indragningar  
nu har vi grus i maskineriet  
anar sprickor i matrisen  
och apan har sagt sitt  
det får vara nog nu

mindre rum, ökad säkerhet (dörr låst)  
högre tryck, hårdare tag tyvärr  
det blir tungt och bitande kallt

likt ett myndighetsbrev (nu har du gjort det igen)  
den sista utopisten garrotterades igår  
naglad vid stolen, kedjad vid hjulet  
tag dig en vansinnestablett, hör piskan vina  
ställ dig i kön, om det finns plats  
tag för dig nu

mätta hungern med en näve ångest  
lev livet i limbo, lev i paus  
vi räknar nedåt, går bakåt

läser du detta uppifrån och ned, nedifrån och upp?  
tag dig en nypa luft om du har lust  
än så länge är den fri  
men det kommer att bli tuffare nu

*For the Swedish misery, murder of the volk soul and  
for the care that never really was  
- För den svenska misären, mordet på folksjälén och för  
vården som aldrig riktigt fanns -*

Tightenings, austerities and suspensions  
now there's a spanner in the works  
suspecting cracks in the matrix  
and the monkey have spoken  
enough is enough now  
smaller rooms, increased security (doors locked)  
higher pressure, clampdowns unfortunately  
it becomes heavy and biting cold  
like an authority letter (now you've done it again)  
the last utopian was garrotted yesterday  
nailed to the chair, chained to the wheel  
take yourself a crazy pill, hear the whip swish  
stand in the queue, if there is room  
grasp it while you can  
satisfy your hunger with a handful of anxiety  
live life in limbo, living in pause  
we are counting down, walking backwards  
do you read this top-down, bottom-up?  
get yourself some air if you like  
so far it's free  
but things will be tougher now

*Sankt Sigfrid hade tovtigt hår*

Jag vet, jag vet  
att du bidat din tid  
pliktat, suttit av  
väntat vid maskin  
offrat, slitit ont  
krökt rygg och svalt förtret  
vitnande knogar, krasande skelett  
hundår efter hundår  
mössan i hand  
kämpat, krampat  
knappast andats  
gift i glaset, salt i såren  
dödsmärkt och övergiven  
djupt i blodet  
men detta till trots;  
fullständigt fri!



*Saint Sigfrid had ragged hair*  
*- Sankt Sigfrid hade tovtigt hår -*

I know, I know  
that you have been biding your time  
paid, sat off  
waited by the machine  
sacrificed, roughed it  
arched back and swallowed annoyance  
whitening knuckles, crunching bones  
dog years after dog years  
hat in hand  
fought, seized  
hardly breathed  
poison in the glass, salt in the wounds  
doomed and deserted  
deep in the blood  
but despite all this;  
completely free!

*Gravens hunger & hungern för graven*

Känner du skam  
över din åtrå till de döda?  
omfamna istället  
det obegripliga, oformbara  
du får lov att vakna ur drömmen  
här för vi glömma,  
här får vi gömmas  
känner du att du svettas?  
smakar du blod i gommen?  
vet då att;  
döden är ditt kall och döden är din plikt  
och förglöm ej följande;  
för dig står dörren alltid öppen!





*Hunger of the grave & the hunger for the grave*  
*- Gravens hunger & hungern för graven -*

Do you feel shame  
over your lust for the dead?  
embrace instead  
the incomprehensible, unformable  
you'll have to wake from the dream  
here we may forget,  
here we may hide  
do you feel that you sweat?  
tasting blood in the roof of your mouth?  
then you must know:  
death is your call and death is your duty  
and don't forget the following:  
for you, the door is always open!

### *Ablation*

Någon gång igår  
omkring 10  
upphörde skapelsens  
klocka att ringa  
allting skall visst utplånas  
rensas, tömmas ut  
och var Jesus egentligen  
en nervklen idiot?  
är vi knappt förmer än  
animaliskt avfall?  
har det alltid förhållit sig så?  
är detta resultatet av vårt förfall?  
någon gång ikväll  
kanske vid 10  
träder vi in i cirkeln  
och kanske, kanske  
minns vi något  
ifall vi vaknar

### *Ablation*

Sometime yesterday  
about 10  
the bell of creation stopped chiming  
apparently everything is to be obliterated,  
rinsed, drained  
and was Jesus really  
a nerve weak idiot?  
are we barely better than  
animal waste?  
was this always the case?  
is this the result of our decline?  
sometime tonight  
maybe at 10  
we enter into the circle  
and maybe, maybe  
we remember something  
if we wake up

*Kallare än på bild*

Konsekvent  
inkonsekvent  
omedgörlig  
svärfångad  
oformbar  
oklassad  
eller utklassad  
oersättlig  
okoncentrerad  
fokuserad  
smärtsamt ömmande  
fördömande  
psykotiskt drömmande  
misshandlad  
blödande  
iskall  
glödande  
ibland...  
fullkomligt fördömande

*Colder than the image*

*- Kallare än på bild -*

Consistent  
inconsistent  
intransigent  
elusive  
unformable  
unclassed  
or outclassed  
irreplaceable  
distracted  
focused  
painfully tender  
judgemental  
psychotically dreaming  
beaten  
bleeding  
ice-cold  
glowing  
sometimes...  
absolutely devastating

### *De vårdar mig in i döden (utskrift)*

Det är ju mentalt...mentalt hela skiten...sitter här...springer kollar dörren hela jävla tiden, kollar under dörren och ser vad som händer, man kan se fötterna...

de har spanat hela jävla tiden, sluta då för fan...jävla Ullman också, fan inte dra ner på medicinen...nej, drar de ner på medicinen så sticker jag då blir det ett jävla liv alltså, då jävlar...då drar jag till Värnamo...så ligger jag där på en klippa och väntar...hela jävla skiten är ångest...till och med den här inspelningen är en jävla ångest

lyssna bara, bara lyssna på skiten bara lyssna på den jävla ångesten, hör du det? bara höj upp volymen och lyssna på den jävla ångesten, ditt jävla tättarblod, dra åt helvete för fan...vad fan vet ni om någonting?

en jävla fasad är det, ren jävla fasad är det...

och de här väggarna, de har ni aldrig varit innanför och ni kommer fan aldrig innanför dem heller

för den absoluta tomheten, den absoluta tomheten...psykisk cancer...S:t Sigfrid brinner...för helvete då

Nej.

Nej.

för helvete...för helvete då...oåterkalleligt, oåterkalleligt, den absoluta tomheten, den absoluta tomheten...förstånd....förstånd...du måste ha förstånd för den absoluta tomheten... för den absoluta tomheten...förstånd för helvete, förstånd...förstånd....förstånd...

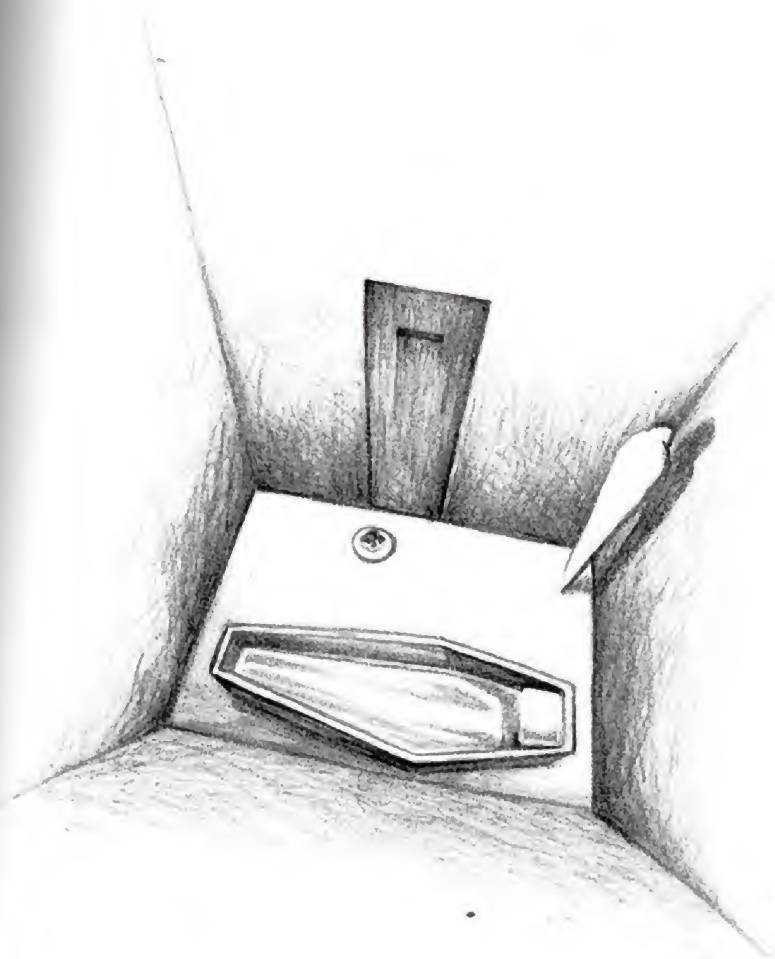
Nej.

varför? varför? väck mig, väck mig, väck mig, vakna, vakna, vakna...

Nej.

renheten, renheten, renheten...Broder Bödel, Broder Bödel...och fredsmäklaren, fredsmäklaren

det är bara förvaring, det är bara förvaring, fattar du inte? det är bara förvaring vårda mig in i döden, vårda mig in i döden





*They are nursing me till death (transcript)*

*- De vårdar mig in i döden (utskrift) -*

It's mental...all the shit is mental...sitting here watching the door...running the whole fucking time, checking under the door and see what's going on, you can see the feet...they have watched the whole damn time, stop then damn it...fucking Ullman too, do not fucking cut down on medication...no, if they cut down on the medicine I'm going then all hell breaks loose, fucking hell...then I'm off to Värnamo...and then I lie there on a cliff and wait...the whole fucking shit is anxiety...even this recording is fucking anxiety

just listen, just listen to this shit, just listen to the fucking anxiety, do you hear that? just raise the volume and listen to the fucking anxiety, you fucking gypsy blood, fuck off for fuck's sake...what the hell do you know about anything? a fucking facade it is, pure fucking facade it is...

and these walls, you never been on the inside, and you will never fucking get inside them either

for the absolute nothingness, the absolute nothingness...mental cancer...St. Sigfrid is burning...fucking hell

No.

No.

damn...damn then...irrevocable, irrevocable, the absolute nothingness, the absolute nothingness...understanding...understanding...you must have an understanding for the absolute nothingness...for the absolute nothingness...understanding for fuck's sake

understanding...understanding...understanding

No.

why? why? wake me, wake me, wake up, wake up, wake up...

No.

the purity, the purity, the purity...Broder Bödel, Broder Bödel and the peacemaker, the peacemaker

it's just storage, it's just storage, don't you understand? it's just storage they are nursing me till death, nursing me till death

*Från moderns bröst till Guds huvud*

För det absoluta, självklara  
för det kalla, uppenbara  
kristallklara  
glaskalla  
genomskinliga, tydliga  
som is, dagg eller nysnö  
avklädda och bara  
högt stående och klara  
det är hög tid för oss  
högre tid för oss  
människan som väsen  
har aldrig varit högre



*From the mother's breast to God's head*  
*- Från moderns bröst till Guds huvud -*

For the absolute, natural  
for the cold, obvious  
crystal clear  
glass cold  
transparent, legible  
like ice, dew or new snow  
stripped and bare  
high standing and ready  
it is high time for us  
higher time for us  
man as being  
has never been higher

*Narcissus var väl aldrig så vacker som jag*

Av medfödd ovilja till förbrödring  
och genom konstant förändring  
var jag igår skev och vanställd  
idag ser jag annorlunda ut  
imorgon kan jag vara ditt djur  
vänner, älskade  
älskade vänner?  
ni är stjärnstoft för vinden  
kamrater, fränder?  
se så, här bjuder jag eder  
en lavett för kinden  
(tro att vi är du och bror...!)

bär mig ut...  
nu!  
på edra klena armar

*Surely, Narcissus was not as beautiful as I  
- Narcissus var väl aldrig så vacker som jag -*

With congenital unwillingness to fraternization  
and through constant change  
I was yesterday warped and disfigured  
today, I look different  
tomorrow I can be your animal  
friends, loved ones  
beloved friends?  
you are star dust in the wind  
companions, comrades?  
I bid you a slap on the cheek  
(to even think that we are like brothers...!)  
carry me out...  
now!  
at your feeble arms

### *Animaliskt avfall*

Jag kräver krafttag mot Nattramn, NU!  
ni måste ta i med hårdhandskarna  
lägg mitt blekfeta lik på en bänk av plåt  
ni bör desinficera verktygen (av oklar anledning)  
skär min hals och mina leder  
såga av mitt huvud (ja se hals över huvud)  
slakta min kropp, slakta min kropp  
avlägsna mitt sjuka kött  
det luktar unket, smakar säkert härsket  
stycka upp min väldiga buk  
köttig, svulstig och högst onaturligt fet  
gör vad ni vill med min degiga, spruckna hud  
kanske en kappa till frun eller varför inte en lampskärm?  
det finns en behållare för varje lem (plast ifrån Scan)  
tio fingrar, tio tår  
ett par (alltför) kraftiga lår  
inälvorna i särskild slask, tack! (din mamma jobbar inte här!)  
ögon, öron och kön till slaktarens tax  
överarm, underarm  
det gör detsamma  
strimla och mal alltsammans  
(tack för att ni tvättar händerna)

*Animal waste*  
*- Animaliskt avfall -*

I demand a crackdown on Natramn, NOW!  
you must take a hard line  
lay my pale fat corpse on a metal bench  
you should disinfect tools (of unclear cause)  
cut my throat and my joints  
saw off my head (head over heels)  
slaughter my body, slaughter my body  
remove my diseased meat  
it smells stale, surely tastes rancid  
carve up my huge abdomen  
meaty, florid and unnaturally obese  
do whatever you want with my doughy, cracked skin  
perhaps a coat to the wife or maybe even a lampshade?  
there is a container for each limb (plastic from Scan)  
ten fingers, ten toes  
a pair of (too) sturdy thighs  
intestines in the special slush, thanks!  
(your mother does not work here)  
eyes, ears and penis to the butcher's dog  
upper arm, forearm  
it doesn't matter  
shred and grind it all  
(thank you for washing your hands)

*Guds kluvna tunga*

Jesus sväljer säd  
Mohammed gurglar piss  
Khali hostar blod  
Shiva harklar slem  
världsaltets öga roterar  
blodhundens näsvingar vibrerar  
egyptiska faraoner  
rör sig genom coner  
och dimensioner  
rör sig mot norr  
dikterar likt förr  
tungomålstalar  
med kluven tunga  
vishet, klarhet, renhet  
ekar i heliga symboler

*God's forked tongue*  
*- Guds klivna tunga -*

Jesus swallows semen  
Mohammed gurgles piss  
Khali coughs up blood  
Shiva hawks mucus  
universe eye rotates  
bloodhound nostrils vibrate  
Egyptian pharaohs  
moves through eons  
and dimensions  
moving towards the north  
dictate like yore  
tongue speaks  
with forked tongue  
wisdom, clarity, purity  
echoes through sacred symbols

*Ma Ma*

Vad känner dina sjukliga händer,  
likkalla fingrar eller hud som brinner?  
vad når dina blödande öron,  
järnålderns brus eller blodets vindar?  
vad ser dina såriga ögon,  
en blödande moder eller en mördande broder?

*Ma Ma*

What do your hands feel,  
dead cold fingers or skin that burns?  
what reaches your bleeding ears  
the hum of ironage or the blood's wind?  
what does your sore eyes see  
a bleeding mother or a murderous brother?



Conjoined for mental destruction





Your body is just a vehicle



Is this you or me?



In human face



Screaming for heaven



Not chained to this world



Askes

*Sterile nails and thunderbowels*

Vast souls  
and inhumans  
bitten by infected jaws  
abandoned minds  
and corpses  
lurking with moulded eyes  
lacerated bodies  
without mourners  
nodding in gallows  
crushed skulls  
tasting the fur  
of dying cats  
needles, injecting pain  
flamable skin  
and deadly thirst  
beyond mind  
is sleep to be found  
leap, leap, leap  
from life  
leave yourself  
die with me

*Taklamakan*

Crush the shield of the hexagon  
condemn the sons of the law  
clones of zychon around your chamber -  
Taklamakan!  
organs of sturm gets closer to the shores  
the eagle has landed the tamer of storms  
grimish plague in stadio ultimo  
six fields of unburnt ashes  
the monument of strangled masses  
they are infected  
they are torn  
they are rejected  
they are born  
are they forlorn? yes! they are forlorn



I am...  
the silverhawk  
the razorking  
the cosmic observer  
the galactic crusader  
the eater of thoughts  
the watcher of eyes  
the drinker of skies...  
I am the macabre enslaver...  
invisible but invincible

*I shall lead, you shall follow*

Panzer riders  
through bloody storms  
acid spiders  
in uniforms  
golden gleams  
that are sunken streams  
buried in the coil  
of infinite di-visions  
I doom the carriers of wombs  
opened are your shallow tombs  
the consumption of six million stars  
cyclonic winds in septic wars  
shed are the blood of jewmans  
slay the lion of Juda  
revive the night of crystals!  
convert my ashes  
rebuild me in the spiral world  
of nowhere  
my only solution  
is the cosmic conclusion -  
bow for me!  
...drei blintzeln kapitän!  
(nein, nicht, noch einmail!)



*The last breath of Tellus*

Grind the bones of Tellus  
fed down the throat of universe  
visions disturbed, voices unheard  
for the illusion beyond the eye  
hear the Gods recline - as I enter the temple  
I say:  
enlighten me Lucifer!

*Transformalin*

Pull out my teeth, inhuman grin  
peel of my skin, break the bones beneath  
empty me  
disembowel me - control me  
slash my throat  
steal my voice, it can not be heard  
remove my eyes, you can not be seen  
drill a hole, in my skull  
fill me up (and) I'm sterile  
with a stench of purity and ethyl  
apply the feet, forget the pain  
on white sheet, altered mind  
let me sleep, in formalin  
expose me, violate me, offend me, touch me...  
after I'm dead...or...  
just flush me down the drain  
not human and with a pigface  
put me to sleep

*Upon the high horse of self destruction*

Upon the high horse self destruction  
wounded for life of course  
listen to the voice of pain  
as the body screams: torsion!  
determined to dive  
into the next wave  
of pulsating blood  
the fire of life  
no longer burns my flesh  
I receive death  
with eyes open  
I have swallowed the key  
throw my bones to the pigs

*Situazion: Lebensgefahr*

When the Hebrew points at you  
with broken hand and the mark of Cain  
then known shall be, all martyrs died for me  
jugend by my feet  
solution in my hand  
Europa on my shoulders  
held in chains, dressed in grey  
lions become lions prey  
witness the eternal walk of Jahwe  
a stalker in the doggerwerk of the mind  
to history bound,  
the insane dig their tomb on Roman ground

*December funeral*

Nevermind  
"thy tempel"  
it is already laid in ruins  
and you have become  
less...bottomless  
and your blood has become urine  
dig dig dignity  
know your soul!  
a massgrave is still just a hole

*Numeric circle*

4  
4  
4  
4  
333  
333  
333  
2  
2  
1

*Slipping into the eternal*

Revolving eyes  
agile yet frozen  
corpses as spies  
hiding in the open  
alone in the cold  
the flame won't return  
nothing will ever burn  
born anywhere but here  
obeying every order  
throwing us all over  
the bloodred border  
our skeletons ends up  
in a dump, for time  
to polish and shine  
together building the key  
opening the door to infinity

listen! DEATH ROARS! his voice is hoarse  
it cuts through time  
like a knife

*Primitivemalehormonicrage*

I wanted to kill a child (when I was a child)  
and I want to kill a child  
would you forgive me Jesus (I am your child)  
please kill me, kill your child  
Jesus; kill your child  
let us all go wild, let us kill a child  
and let her return to the Godly heavens  
I drank your blood once, would you drink mine?  
I dream of blood and broken bones  
I wish to hurt a child or rape a wife  
I tend to think of life in the end, that death is the definite end  
I like to display my power and my brutal force  
I dream of pain and bruised skin  
I wish to beat your daughter and kill your son  
I want to rape your kids and beat your wife  
no depression  
no real powers  
I watch you from a different tower  
I see an endless procession  
with no flowers  
no no ?  
yes yes !  
prepare yourself for  
a kindergarden inferno  
a weak human betrayal maybe  
but don't you worry  
no one will miss you  
and there's no point in life  
I throw your worthless body  
into the sea  
so I ask you again Jesus;  
would you forgive me?

•

*Death is the voice of compassion*

At the edge of human understanding  
in the darkness and on this evening  
looks may be deceiving  
of the human mind liberated  
by the animal beast intoxicated  
inside of me gods revoked  
corpses re-activated  
dress me in white  
set me ablaze  
right here and right now;  
death is the voice of compassion

*This is the Captain speaking*

I am your captain  
you are my soldier  
for there is a passage  
and it is golden  
and I am working on having it open  
in the arms of the gods  
the olden  
you are bound to follow  
so listen to your soul  
profound or hallow  
just remember when to spit  
and when to swallow  
for I shall lead  
and you shall follow



*Restoring the primal blood order*

Halt!  
go no further  
your filth  
must not cross  
these borders  
divine orders...  
...you see  
endless and  
of shapeless form  
the fires beyond  
is the end up close  
fires of eternity  
burns through  
your soul

*Born to ruin*

Looked inside your head  
all I needed was a glimpse  
raped your mind  
right there on the bed  
never saw you since  
there's only one Christ  
and that is true  
but the looks different to me  
than he does to you

*Holy is the language of holy return*

I know you are just asleep  
heavy and deep  
biding your time  
yours and mine  
all the time  
you go...go go!  
ahead of time  
you are no longer mine  
but I make time  
the words and time  
the worlds are all mine  
all of the time  
white skies, white eyes  
white sun, white moon  
kiss the mothers lips  
take place on the mother ship  
return to the fatherland  
rest in our fathers hand  
bleed in the chalice of mine  
sleep in the bed of time

*Blood will set you free*

In the wound is the key  
and blood will set you free  
the draining of blood is religion  
enjoy the numbness  
of every feeling  
from this point on;  
there's no healing!

*Your skull is your crown*

The mind of the animal  
is the eternal and founding imperium  
and there is nothing like dying within  
to enjoy the sharp pain  
through the heart of your existence  
internal organs collapse,  
organic death  
it's just death  
no grander authority  
it's just death  
stab your heart  
suicidal heart  
stab your heart  
suicidal heart  
stab your heart  
suicidal heart  
stab your heart  
stab it!  
return return return  
it's death and you mean nothing  
this is the end...  
and we all love it, don't we?  
to whine like a dying cat  
to bark like a mad dog  
to revel in dirt and blood  
to revel like a pig

*White is black, forward is back*

As I flow through time  
I see myself as an old child  
lost in this communion  
unclean...like a pig  
I keep my eyes open until the very end  
and I wear white clothings  
look at me!  
I tear down the walls beyond  
foghead, born dead  
my eyes are dead stars  
Exhume my deceived corpse  
but treat my respectfully  
and if rightfully so:  
I'll be yours and I will smile as I go

*Striving for brotherhood*

Striving for brotherhood  
and for a loyal companion  
dying for a community  
and then the community dies  
ending this spiritual pollution  
vultures free us from our bones  
to strive for brotherhood and the comfort in communities,  
to wish for a loyal companion and for someone to hold,  
someone or something to live for  
something or someone to die for  
when the animal returns and you lose your vision  
love, ideals and friendship...  
all you ever hoped for...  
this...  
...will all die in the gutter





*Bleeding out my religion*

Let us leave  
this bleak human uniform  
twelve are the steps  
of self destruction  
and twelve are the levels  
of transformation  
embrace eternal illumination  
and soul salvation  
intergalactic prayers  
flesh eaters and ney sayers  
I'll save you all  
from certain life!  
the kingdom is in your eye  
a different land in the palm of your hand  
drink the eternal blood  
internal flood  
imperial blood  
it's all pitch black  
or even darker!  
feel the tranquillity of the burning soul...  
...as we are higher beings

*Absolute gender death*

Asexual  
asexual  
asexual  
bestial  
bestial  
bestial  
real wrong  
dead gone  
asexual  
asexual  
bestial  
bestial  
bestial  
dead wrong  
real gone

*Beyond the no beyond*

I found the true animal  
beyond the no beyond  
inside the structures and dogmas  
I dissected the esoteric anatomy  
of the highest authority  
in the innermost room  
is the highest  
and the absolute lowest  
entwined and reformed  
made into one  
*merged*

*Dead while dreaming*

I don't have the flesh of an apple  
and my bones are neither shiny nor white  
I am not clean cut or tanned  
like Mr Jones or Mr Applewhite  
but I rule and run your kind  
the master of the mind  
you don't have to  
make  
make up  
up  
your mind  
mind  
wake up  
up  
your mind

*Your pain is a sacred cathedral*

Your pain is sacred and ethereal  
your pain is a sacred cathedral  
every new born child is a virus  
you can see what is to come  
through the rusty doors of your dreams  
and everyone screams,  
or so it seems  
can you see the face  
behind the face?  
touch the altar of flesh with your mind  
do you want the sky?  
the sky!  
then choose the door  
the door with an eye  
who are you going to ask?  
what are you going to do?  
do you know where you are?  
can you go this far?  
you will find me  
in the center of an isolated star  
and what you can not see  
is what you get

*In the cold absense of Jesus*

In the cold absense of Jesus  
the devil hands out poison  
to children on fire  
on a starlit passage to the kingdom of heaven  
come infantile, grow with me,  
I grow in you  
the old becomes young  
and birth means death  
breathless, lifeless, timeless

*Nattramn is me and Nattramn is you*

Blood you must go!  
flesh you must go!  
bones you must go!  
voices from another world  
is telling you so  
deceitful your breath  
honest and certain  
only death  
nothing else is safe  
nothing else secure  
but the very process  
of yours soul's departure  
you are not where  
you are supposed to be  
I'm not sure  
if you are still here  
I said I'm not sure...  
do you hear me?

*The war inside my head*

I walk down this street  
where every single human seem to bleed  
and they scream and they scream and their dogs too  
I walk down this street  
where perpetrators and victims meet  
right around, where there used to be an animal zoo  
I rumble on, tumble upon  
I sneak around without a sound  
tada tada  
one foot before the other  
tada tada  
I blink and your done  
a wink and your gone  
and I wear women's clothing  
not just for fun  
but for disguise  
I sniff around  
wag my tail



If you start to fall  
I will be there!  
no I won't  
I won't really be there  
but I'll watch you fall  
and you'll fall from grace  
you'll fall on your face  
I look into your eyes  
eternally staring eyes  
like cold mirrors they are  
and think of fish  
I watch you in your sleep  
making scary noises for your kids  
and I won't really be there  
not there at all  
I am not really  
someone you want to meet  
you failed before you tried  
you died before you died  
I am done here  
and where is the fear?  
WHERE IS THE FEAR?

*Under the welcoming wings of a vulture*

In light and dark  
swallow  
or be swallowed...  
  
as one and another...  
one and another  
  
one for the other  
one...  
for the other  
  
in the deep or in the shallow  
we all end up  
deep or shallow  
  
drowning in the sea  
of the universal power  
in the greatest hour  
  
forced to our knees  
by the highest power  
by the highest power

*Dead bones drumming*

Now the tide is turning  
the water is burning  
see the he in her  
feel the pulse flowing  
watch the colours changing  
see your life in reverse  
hear your lungs humming  
hear your bones drumming  
this is the sense  
of no sense

*The cathedral of light*

Did you stare a hole in the sky?  
did you happen to notice that the window is an eye?  
this is not your world  
you are just passing by  
and so am I  
our world is the next one  
the beyond is closer than you think  
and time stopped  
stopped  
just for you  
did you come to realize  
that the sun is your mother?



*Sort Of Sleeping (cut up)*

This is but a false existence  
everything here is a lie  
not chained to this world  
de-programming, reprogramming  
transformation through thought re-forms  
re-born  
transmissions from the temple ground  
the dead dreams of walking  
who is the lord of life?  
repetition, repetition, repetition  
the essence of programming is  
repetition, repetition, repetition  
here in lies the alphabet  
of divine transformation  
total revolution of the soul  
de-programming, reprogramming  
transformation through thought re-forms  
re-born  
termination, de-termination  
organic wasteland

destroy this vehicle of flesh  
repitition, repitition, repitition  
the essence of programming is  
repitition, repitition, repitition  
communications with the highest order  
everlasting commands  
from unknown organisms  
de-programming, reprogramming  
transformation through thought re-forms  
re-born  
reptilian, reptilian, reptilian  
double headed serpents  
the key to the next level is the spirit fixed in matter  
repitition, repitition, repitition  
the essence of programming is  
repitition, repitition, repitition  
divine visitations  
decomposing Gods  
faces in stone  
de-programming, reprogramming  
transformation through thought re-forms  
re-born  
proto sleep  
future through a telescope  
metamorphosis  
repitition, repitition, repitition  
the essence of programming is  
repitition, repitition, repitition  
dead limbs reawake  
your grief is the absence of ghosts  
find the tomb of light

*Black diamond, black angel*

Sweep your black storms  
over my beat up face  
pierce my heart with your  
black eyes of curse  
sink your black nails  
into the flesh of my flesh  
let me drink your black sin  
spit and take a piss  
on my rashy cut up skin  
give me a poisonous kiss  
with your stiff black lips  
stab me in the back  
when I kiss you back  
stab me in the back  
as I swallow your black



*No longer human, no longer slave*

Lift me up  
to the upmost high  
let me swirl through  
atoms and molecules  
and let me breathe in the future  
so that I can breathe out the end  
finally it is time  
to alter the depths of my mind  
this life was but a great preparation  
for the ascent  
nothing more and nothing less  
transformation is the key to salvation  
it is time to rise again  
to rise again in the great beyond

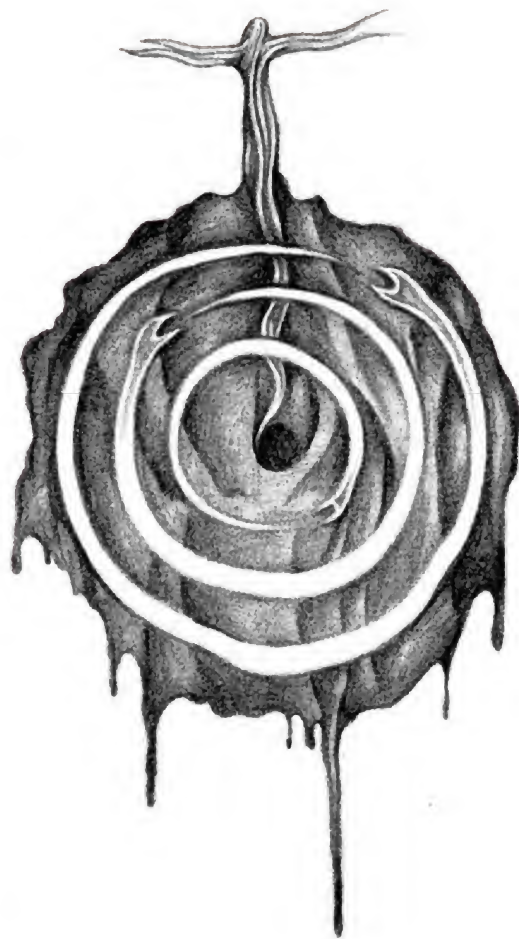
*The resignation of will*

Is it kill or be killed?  
dodging on a hill  
prophecy to be fulfilled  
the resignation of will  
and concerning the thrill;  
I dream of every new kill  
believe in your right to live  
I kill your right  
I kill your belief  
I kill in the night  
I kill for relief  
the thrill of the thrills  
it's who kill or who kills  
the resignation of will  
it's all in the will  
replications to fill  
a few people to bill  
even more to kill  
surrender for will  
give up all  
give it all  
for the kill  
the resignation of will  
I've got time to kill  
pessimistic at best  
nihilistic at worst  
uppers or downers  
cutters and moaners  
I chase them all to kill  
THIS IS THE RESIGNATION OF WILL



*Thirty years of snake handling*

Inside the inside  
like a psalm within a psalm  
you may hear the sacred bells chime  
through the golden circles of time  
dissect Jesus  
and you'll find the venom of ss...snakes in His holy blood  
take what you need  
and leave the rest on the cross



*Carried away as black smoke*

Hell! hell everywhere!  
religion of will  
walking on earth still  
universal pain  
flowing over your breast  
that is a hill  
asleep or awake  
doesn't really matter now  
father, mother and brother  
bury me with you  
in this soil  
the light is internal  
the darkness too  
the fire eternal  
that glows in you  
I'm standing on a cliff  
with open chest  
the fire is burning  
inside my breast  
asleep or awake  
doesn't really matter now  
when things are circular  
when things are circular  
walking or flying  
doesn't really matter now  
I am carried away as black smoke

*Eternal prophet*

Prepare your vessel  
(crucified through flesh and bones)  
the window opens  
the highest high  
the lowest low  
over yet below  
are you ready to go?  
universe calls  
drink the blood of the stars  
the black dog barks  
with broken jaw  
consumes us all  
this might be the beginning  
and this might be the end

### *Death is but a breath away*

The end could not be close enough  
hold on to your breath, for we are going!

hold on to your death  
cosmic storms are blowing  
a new world rumbles down  
it is vibrant, and so are you  
tip tap silently on your toes  
our galaxy sleeps as HE goes

There are angels here you know?

I said: THERE ARE ANGELS HERE YOU KNOW?

do the light of the world go out  
once you close your eyes?

you are red and maybe a bit blue  
and you bite the hand that feeds you  
and it bites you back

there was this man you know?

I said: THERE WAS THIS MAN YOU KNOW?

this man with broken hands and with a face of a pig

THE FACE OF A PIG!

he walked backwards into a river of blood you know?

I said: HE WALKED BACKWARDS INTO A RIVER OF BLOOD!

he walked backwards into a river of blood!

he walked backwards into a river of blood!

he walked backwards into a river of blood!

### *The curse of Saint Sigfrid*

Sipping kata-tonics  
in the grey fog of this Xanor night  
composing music  
electronic yet organic  
decomposing sick  
in psychofarmaka handcuffs  
a mental prison  
and sometimes the very opposite  
dolled up in wounds and blood  
and in a flamboyant choice of non clothing  
both my faces

becomes two faced  
conjoined for mental destruction  
pop up borderline soul patrols  
pop up memories  
and pop the fuck up Gods  
running low of heart and will  
pops another pill  
and life is  
LIFE

*Christ is asleep on a distant planet*

Raise a singular question  
and receive triangular answers  
under the electric moonlight  
you are able, He is able  
to switch the mind off  
able able  
Abel Abel  
sigh sigh  
science  
it's all out there  
walk the unearthly floors  
open cosmic doors  
leave this interstellar cellar  
to go under is to go over  
this is not heaven  
and this is not real  
this is a non-life in a non-world  
and this is not hell  
your time is up  
prepare to ascend  
but be aware of the satanic black angels  
roaming the skies

*Unholy sigil of semen*

And the seashore is full of them  
the heart of it all lies in the Godmilk  
of the milky Milky Way  
and now you drink semen  
from a silver bowl  
and your soul is holy  
but your body is not  
God is leaving  
and the prophets are slipping away  
your dreams laid to rest  
together with your decomposing bones...  
...your manifest





*Unknown dimension blackyards*

Everything is done  
everything is done  
can't help to think  
that everything is done  
everything is gone  
everything is gone  
can't help to think  
that everything is gone  
what was the price of it all?  
who will rise from their fall?  
who's the Christ of them all?  
you may find me  
in far off places  
somewhere in fog land  
somehow in God land  
do you have a light?  
can you see the ghost?  
did you inhale?  
where you here in your past?  
the ghosts in here have flesh and skin and bones  
and a mind of their own  
once you have dissolved  
what are you going to do?  
where are you going to?  
don't forget to feed the Gods!



*Attempts and temptations*

Release...only a breath away  
pain...you're on your way  
recovery is but a vague idea  
and your body does no healing  
in order to evolve  
you must kill the old  
all of the sudden  
the future sneaks up  
from the past  
this is the backdoor to heaven  
see for yourself  
are you willing to go?

let go

*Copper urine of a blood drinker*

Reptile tail spin  
still in human skin  
drinking blood is a holy sin  
and the raping of pigs  
a procedure of faith  
with all your flesh  
and all your bones;  
build me a throne!  
wake me up  
from this dream  
inject the piss of God  
into my bloodstream  
wake me up  
from this sleep  
wake me up;  
the transformation is complete

*Earth is a house of desperate souls*

Life is a blind spot  
and the angels are metallic  
heaven is polished steel  
watched by the copper wasps  
of Warsaw  
you've got mercury  
in your blood stream  
led in your teeth  
and silver inside your lungs  
and all you want  
is some blood  
in your blood  
but may I ask,  
may I be so bold;  
aren't your body made of gold?

*The sleeping God*

In the dead  
dead of night  
even darkness seems bright  
and in the shadow  
of all the earthly light  
I am a different kind of pig  
here I sleep  
quiet like a mouse  
deeper and deeper  
meter by meter  
all I hear are the mumblings  
of a sleeping god...  
and the barking of the  
God damned dogs of Jerusalem!



### *Pigfaced Messiah*

Every child of the sun  
scream on top of their very lungs  
they all scream for a new Messiah  
and here!

here I am!

piggy son of angel mother  
I'm the pigfaced Messiah!

I will show you  
how to transform  
how to be complete

I will show you  
the way to the stars

my face is a holocaust

I'm the pigfaced Messiah!

my heart is made of gristle

I'm the pigfaced Messiah!

illuminated by the holy light

everything clear to see

for the new blood God

I'm the pigfaced Messiah!

the God you can not hear

the God you can not see

I'm the pigfaced Messiah!

sleeping like a dog

forever sleeping and free

and now is the time

to listen to the Captain

to follow orders

you must destroy

what you have become

you must destroy

the pigfaced Messiah!